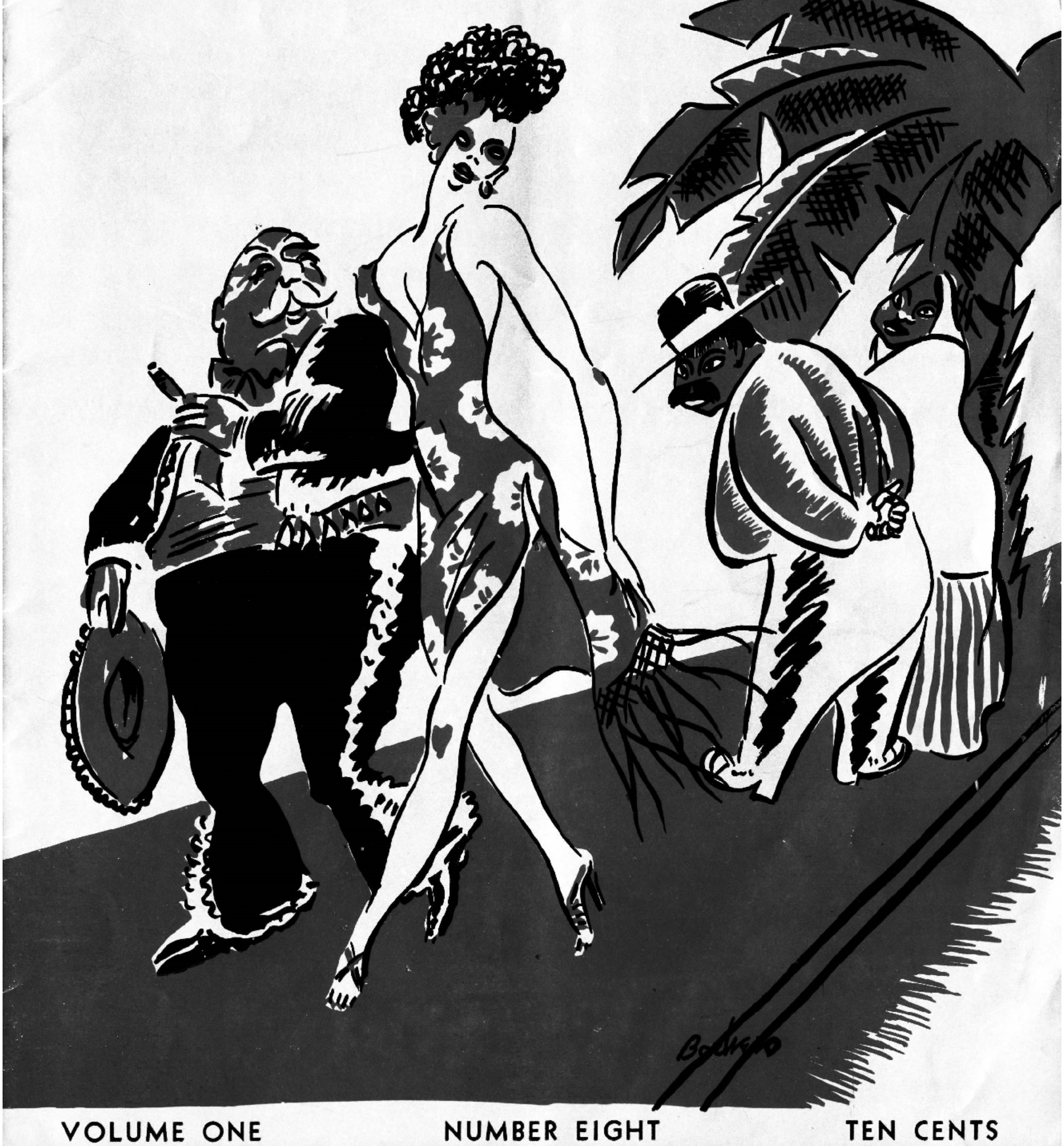
APÉRITIF



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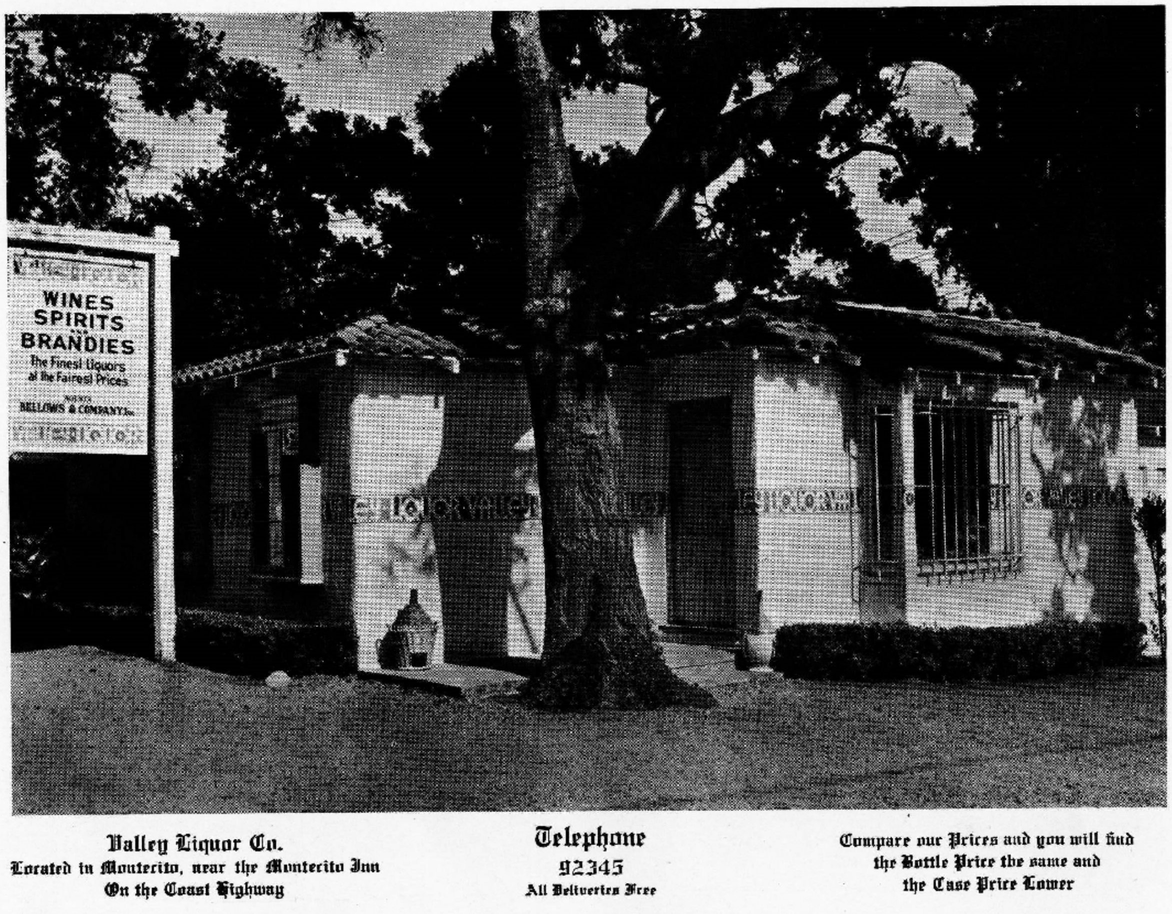
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APÉRITIF

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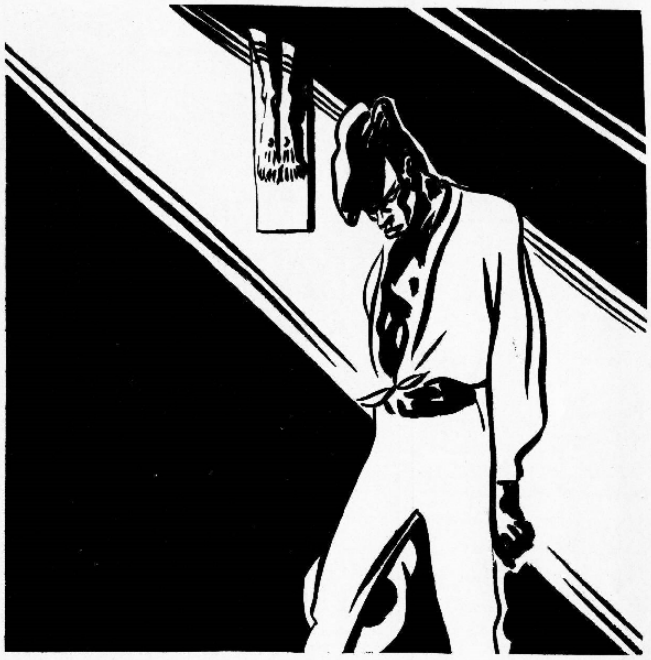


Illustration by
JAMES BORDERO

Sonora

By LYON BOSTON

The copper sunlight beats upon the square
Where heat waves quiver, dust-motes rise
Like jaundiced fever-spots before the eyes.
The shrieks of ungreased axles rip and tear;
The clash of iron hooves on cobbles—air
That's fetid, heavy, poisonous with flies
That market day attracts, the shouted lies
Of sellers, smells of death, are everywhere.
The shabby Spanish church, its white-washed face
All peeling, graying in the deathless heat,
While beggars whine "Por Dio" at its base,
Has lying in it, dead and still, my sweet,
My loved one in that loathely squalid place
Upon a bier, all stilled her laughing grace.

I steal within the nave through curtained door.
It's cool and gray within and so austere;
Dim wisps of bluish incense veil her bier,
Slim flames of candles round it on the floor,
White lilies frozen in her arms, and four
Still priests like spirits stand as if they hear
A thin celestial music high and clear
In the silence that will last forevermore.
Oh, Love, too still, too wanly cold and gray,
Come back to me, come back, Beloved, to Life.
From out this silent place into the day
Where cart-wheels clatter, horse-hooves ring in strife
With laughing peasants, singing music gay.
Ah, God! This earth is sweet, awake and play!

APÉRITIF

HORS D'OEUVRES

■ A certain senile precocity, recently developed, seated us beside two high school girls the other evening on a homeward bound Pacific Greyhound bus.

■ As we bumped quietly along the Malibu highway in a late golden twilight that lay upon the hills and sea, we three became philosophers and spoke quietly of the many phenomena to be observed in life. All this brought the conversation about to one Stanley, a schoolmate of our companions.

"He's nice," said the nearer of the two, "but very conceited."

"He plays the saxaphone," said the other by way of identification or explanation, we wern't quite sure.

"But conceited," said the first firmly.

With the tolerance of age, we suggested that the lad was filled with the joyousness of youth, the champagne-like effervescence that lifts the adolescent to invincible heights of self esteem.

Both girls nodded a serious agreement to this and one sighed deeply.

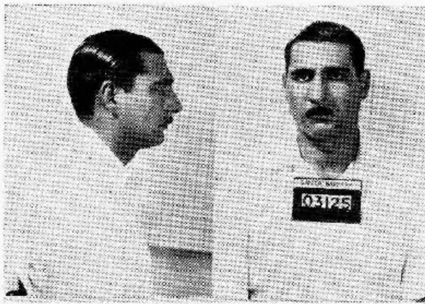
"College," she said, "will probably take that out of him."

And thereupon, faced suddenly with the relentless tragedy of life's stearner aspects, we fell into a brooding silence and so rode home through the dark.

PUBLICITY

■ Coverage of the various shows in southern California is one of those things that cause editorial nightmares. If we go to the Dog Show we are sure to be there just a half hour after a prize pup has barked at an old lady and caused a rabies scare. The only spills at the horse show were at night, five minutes after we went home, or when we had no plates in the camera. This causes a desperate situation for a magazine trying hard to live up to a reputation established by printing what the Santa Barbara Daily News evidently believes to be the complete works of William Saroyan.

■ This month in Santa Barbara alone we have crawled under the tents of the Dog Show, the Horse Show and the Artists' Fair. Being novices in the dog, horse and art business, we busied ourselves mainly with statistics on gate crashing.



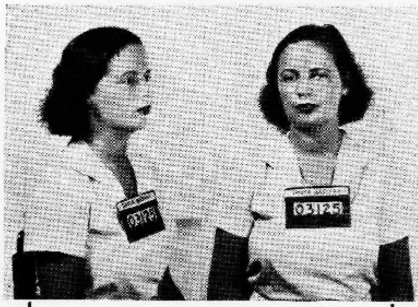
1. ....

Hair: Dark. Eyes: Brn. Height: 5/10

Weight: 187. Age: 28.

Occupation ....

The answer to this problem of Who's Who will be found on page twenty-three

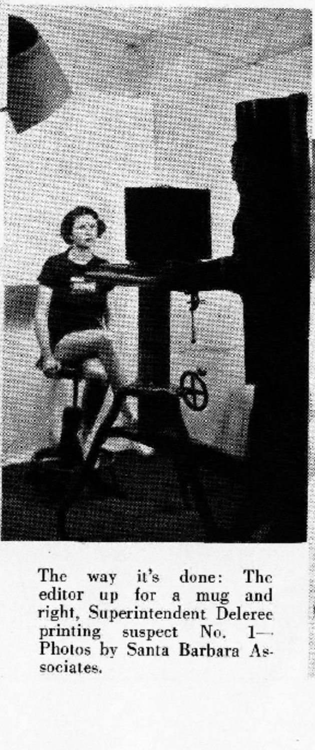


2. ....

Hair: DkBrn. Eyes: Brn. Height: 5/5.

Weight: 137. Age: 23.

Occupation ....



The way it's done: The editor up for a mug and right, Superintendent Deleree printing suspect No. 1—Photos by Santa Barbara Associates.

- The toughest spot to make was the Dog Show, the easiest the Horse Show with the Artists' Fair being free and the Artists' Ball running close second to the Horse show.

- At the Dog Show we went through the gate ten times and had five rejects until the management became familiar with us with ensuing contempt and refused to play. Three times we got by with the muttered magic word of Press; once we went under the tent but gave up second trials when we saw police eyeing us with suspicion, the other six times we went through in pursuit of dogs as they wrapped their leashes around the tent pole at the opening and broke away from unwary owners.

- We are a little ashamed of our performance at the Horse Show as all the gatemen knew us anyway and besides the show was too entertaining for anyone to be fussy about tickets.

- We had tickets to the Artists' Ball but we listened professionally to a private and hurried conference of the management concerning the best way to collect. As an afterthought concerning the ball: we were approached during the evening by one of the circulation department who, it seems, is a friend of Jimmy Campiglia, orchestra leader of the evening. The circulator pointed out various vague reasons for publicizing Campiglia in these columns rousing a strong suspicion in our minds that the whole affair was one of reciprocity. Even though we enjoyed the music which features three violins instead of the usual saxaphone section, we were immediately upon our editorial guard. However it was gratifying to find that the circulation department has a friend and so torn between conflicting forces, we make a compromise and print: Campiglia.

EXPOSE

- Another show covered by us in only a vicarious sense to date, is the much publicized San Diego Exposition. No little of this favorable reception by the press is due to Cruse Carriel who has invited us to view the whole exhibition on him. This unused privilege causes us to squirm every time we think about it.

- A few of the things Mr. Carriel doesn't tell us about and which we glean from secret sources concern the nudist camp at the Exposition. This whole thing was a natural for the press but was underplayed we understand on the order of Zack Farmer, general manager, who felt it would be detrimental to the serious tone, the achievement of which was necessary to soothe the city fathers whose pocket books were somewhat ruffled and who wanted hundred percent perfect returns on their investment. Farmer wanted to bill the whole nudist layout as an illusion. The nudies did big business until, as was expected, someone complained and the police insisted on skin colored tights at least. Business promptly fell off and some of the nudists, who take this show very seriously and speak of its educational and propaganda values, left for other camps at the same time bitterly denouncing the San Diego exhibit. Our information is that a few crowned heads are bending over tables now in figuring ways to remove the tights.

People who write facetious answers to the editor about this will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

4. ....
Hair: Brn. Eyes: GrBlu. Height: 5/7.
Weight: 122. Age: 24.
Occupation ....

SANTA BARBARA
27032
SANTA BARBARA
27032

5. ....
Hair: Brn. Eyes: Brn. Height: 5/9.
Weight: 150. Age: 23.
Occupation ....

03126
03126

6. ....
Hair: LtBr. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/9.
Weight: 165. Age: 24.
Occupation ....

03125
03125

7. ....
Hair: DkBrn. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/6.
Weight: 145. Age: 26.
Occupation ....

8. ....
Hair: Brn. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/10.
Weight: 135. Age: 30.
Occupation ....

03127
03127

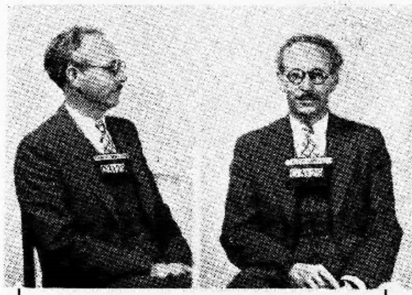
9. ....
Hair: LtBrn. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/10.
Weight: 170. Age: 27.
Occupation ....

A few pounds of flesh

By EDMUND CONVERSE

- The State Income Tax reared its ugly head for the last time in California to the tune of a Hearstian roar and a Timely view with alarm. From now on the idle rich and the red eyed press may only view with regrets for by passage of Assembly Bill 1182, the Tax becomes a fact and the only refuge is Reno or a smart lawyer. Even the latter is probably a forlorn hope at best for according to the press associations, Major Max Fleischman is "formerly of Santa Barbara" and is having his planes delivered at his Nevada ranch. In other words, to his legal residence.

- Now to get down to the fine point of who will be considered eligible for the slaughter. Remember this bill is the California Personal Income Tax and you don't have to be a corporation to fall into the list. As a starter, the tax must be paid by any resident of the State of California. Now the question of what constitutes residency. In legal contemplation we say that residence is composed of two things, fact and intent. In any situation where intent is a quality, we have something rather difficult to prove. You came from New York we'll say five years ago. You liked the beach at Santa Barbara, polo looked good at Del Monte, you made friends in Hollywood and there was a blond at Coronado. You bought a place or took an apartment or rented a house. You say, however, when you are asked, that you are a New Yorker. You may still do that. If the State could not get at you unless you had such intent to reside in it you would be in the clear. What the courts actually do, however, is to make out the intent from the facts. In other words the fact of the home, the children in school, the hunting and fishing licenses, the motor car registration, the voting, (the latter is conclusive of course) all go to aid the court in deducing for itself, your residence. There will be no snickering away of tax collectors with a remark that you are a New Yorker and no spik Californian. Despite the fact that you would not get away with it in any court, the legislature decided to take no chances and have made a new definition of residency for no other purpose than making clear the objects of the Income Tax Act. The Tax definition is in brief to this effect: every natural person who maintains a permanent place of abode within the state or spends in the aggregate more than six months of the taxable year within the state. If there is any legal wizardry that can get around that, it must be an entirely new brand. I would not go so far as to say that because you own a home in California you are a resident, although the wording of the Act implies that very thing. There will probably be much litigation on that point. The time element is now made definite and the state is no longer burdened with proving intent. A day more than six months within the borders of California and you are a legal resident (*Continued on Page* 18)



10. ....
Hair: Dk. Eyes: Brn. Height 5/10.
Weight: 150. Age: 44.
Occupation ....

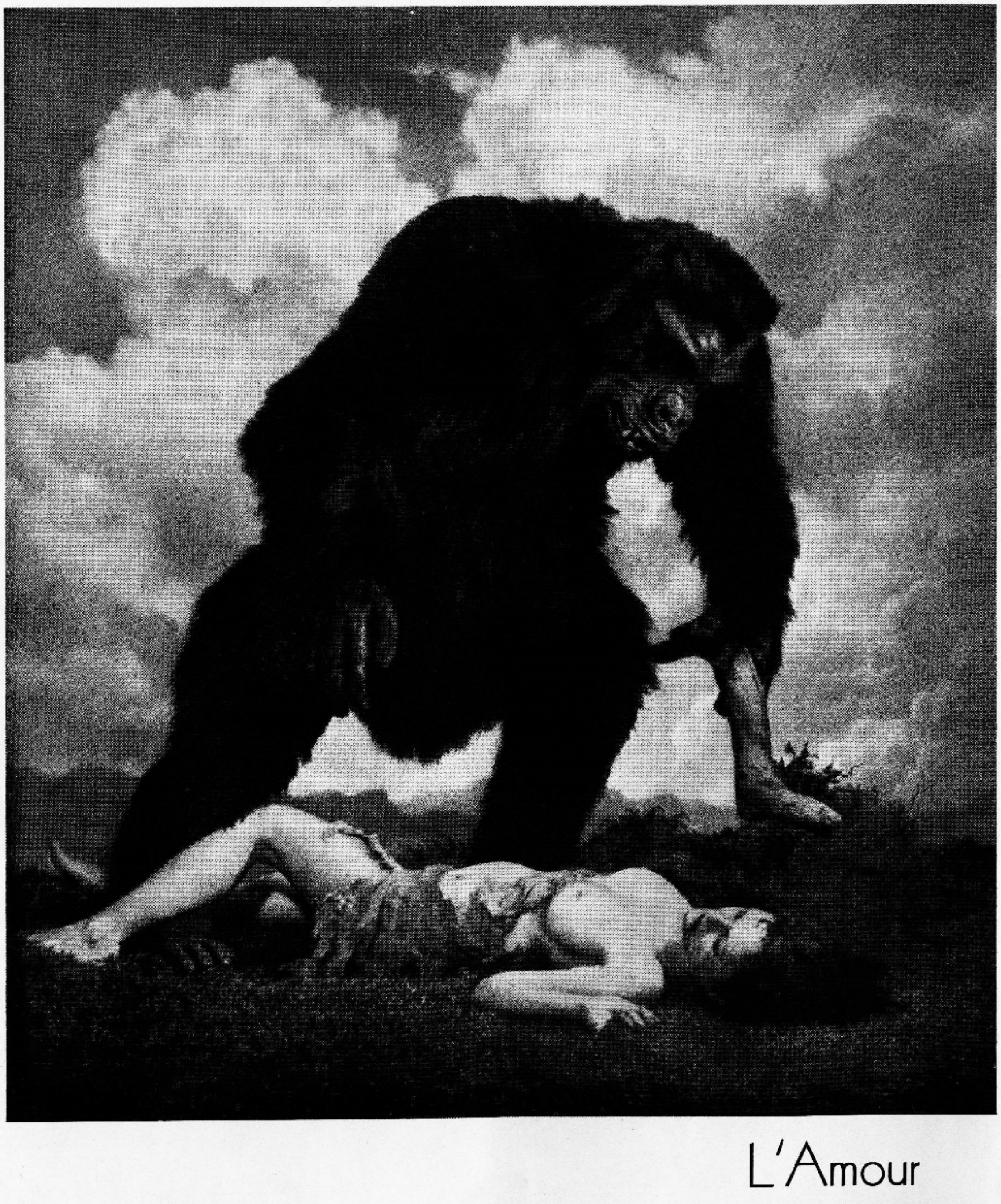
11. ....
Hair: Brn. Eyes: Hazel. Height: 5/5.
Weight: 114. Age: 18.
Occupation ....

12. ....
Hair: DkBrn. Eyes: Hazel. Height: 5/10. Weight: 180. Age: 24.
Occupation ....

13. ....
Hair: DkBrn. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/11. Weight: 178. Age: 36.
Occupation ....

14. ....
Hair: Brn. Eyes: Brn. Height: 5/6.
Weight: 135. Age: 23.
Occupation ....

15. Hair: DkBrn. Eyes: Blu. Height: 5/0. Weight: 121. Age: 34.
Occupation ....



L'Amour

—by William Mortensen

Never go back

A SHORT STORY BY DECLA DUNNING

■ Mr. Glidden came back to the hotel and told his wife that he was bored with East Courtney.

"You can't expect to find a town the same after fifteen years," he said. "East Courtney's changed." He drew impressively upon his cigar. "I'm really glad we left when we did. Living in the city certainly does make a difference, doesn't it?"

His wife said that it did. She opened her suitcases and began the preliminary processes of repacking. "I thought you'd want to see a lot of Estelle," she added slyly.

■ Mr. Glidden turned his back. He had not awakened to his usual hint of swagger at mention of this name. Mrs. Glidden thought that perhaps he hadn't heard. She chuckled and went on with her packing.

Mr. Glidden gazed abstractedly through the window and down the Main Street of East Courtney. What a quaint and beautiful little place it had been! What verve and sparkle! What charm. But the years had deadened it, Mr. Glidden observed; had destroyed its glamour, reduced it to the mediocrity of other small country towns.

■ William Mortensen whose studio is located at Laguna Beach is a leading exponent in the modern school of controlled photography. This school holds that it is the business of photography as one of graphic arts not merely to take pictures, but to *make* pictures through flexible and complete control of its material.

Mortensen is one of the few photographers who, after the manner of Goya and Hogarth, has turned his medium to satiric purposes. His sensational and frequently reproduced *Human Relations* is perhaps the best known of his pictures in this vein.

On this page, *L'Amour* is the first of a series of three examples of his pungent pictorial comment. In following issues Apéritif will reproduce in full page *Market Girl* and *Family Group: Christmas 1918.*

It is expected that these pictures will cause comment. They have caused comment in every national or international exhibition. Artists and photographers alike wash their hands of Mortensen, each accusing him and his work of belonging in the other's category.

"Did you see anyone at the club?" his wife asked pleasantly.

"Why, yes . . . " Mr. Glidden did not want to, was not going to tell her about Estelle. "I saw Jimmy Dean, and Syd Johnson, and some of the boys."

"Syd Johnson? He's the one Estelle married, isn't he?"

"Yes." Supposing he should mention Estelle; pass it off laughingly, say that she had grown fat and matronly with streaks of gray in her now rather colorless hair, and a lumbering sort of walk. But everyone had known, including his wife, that Estelle Radley had been crazy about him, had been disappointed when he married someone else. He hated to relinquish the idea that such a pretty young woman had loved him. It had been the source of much banter and pretended jealousy and even a little genuine suspicious anger during his marriage with Frances.

"Well, then, you should have chosen Estelle," his wife would fling at him. Or, "I guess you'd like a glimpse of your precious Estelle, wouldn't you? I'm a mere blonde. I'm not exotic enough for you."

■ True matrimonial variance, and yet it gave a man the feeling of having a many-sided existence, a life selected from one of several colorful choices. He could have had Estelle, the pretty, the darkly voluptuous. He could have had Estelle, but he had fallen in love with Frances.

The latter seemed equally anxious to leave East Courtney.

"I don't know whatever gave us the idea of coming back," she murmured into her suitcase. "The sooner we get out of this place, the better I'll like it."

Mr. Glidden got his shaving things together. He was thinking of that horrible moment when he had stood on the clubhouse porch and endured an introduction to one of his hitherto most romantic illusions.

Why, Estelle was old. She was full faced and her arms bulged out from her sleeveless sport dress and she had a clubwomanish, unfeminine jollity about her.

She had said, "If it isn't Ed! Ed Glidden, of all things!" And slapped his shoulder.

And he had answered, "Hello, Estelle," being stunned, meanwhile, by the realization that there was something gross and pathetic, something ageing and tragic about this woman.

Mrs. Glidden was ready now, and she said, "No, not that way," when he suggested going around to the side door of the hotel. "Please bring the car to the front, won't you, Ed?"

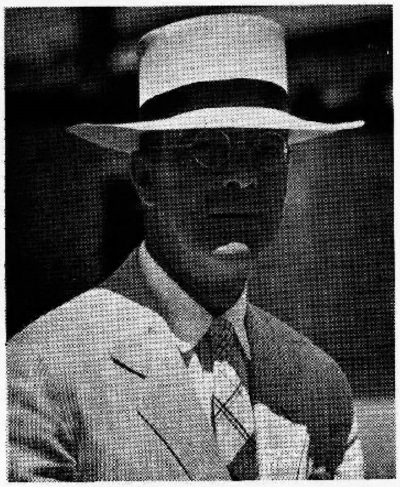
■ He paid the bill and went to get his car, not questioning her because continued association argued the futility of questioning.

She stood by the door. She hadn't wanted to go through the side entrance because she had passed there, scarcely more than a half hour before, on her way to the drug store, and had run into Charlie Foster. Not that there was any reason for her being mysterious. Ed was well aware of the fact, and all of East Courtney had witnessed the passionate adoration of Charlie Foster for Frances Allen. At the time, Ed Glidden's victory had been considered daring. He had literally snatched her away from the handsome, lean young Charles. It was the sort of thing a woman liked to remember.

■ But what had happened, Mrs. Glidden wondered, to her erstwhile suitor! He had been very glad to see her, extremely cordial, cordial in the manner of a church deacon who welcomes each and all the flock with equal heartiness. He was still lean, Charlie was, except for the suggestion of a pod-like bulge at the waist line. The lines around his mouth which she had once thought interesting, were surrounded now by other and similar lines which were not at all interesting. His eyes had a washed-out look. His shoulders sloped and he moved his hands nervously, in a series of meaningless gestures.

She didn't want Ed to see Charlie Foster. She didn't want Ed to substitute his picture of their

(*Continued on Page* 21)



CHARLES PERKINS AT THE HORSE SHOW

AND MRS. H. G. CHASE

MR. AND MRS. BERT GOFF

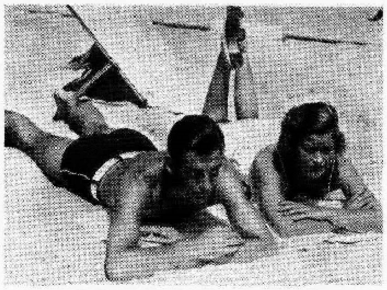
NAME	Face	Figure	Sex Appeal	Charm	Popu-larity	Style	Culture	Brains	Wit	Deport-ment	TOTAL
LEBRUN RHINELANDER	7	4	8	5	7	4	5	5	6	6	
NOEL KENNERLY	6	5	5	8	8	4	6	6	6	5	
JEAN SCHLAGER	4	6	5	7	9	5	4	6	7	3	
PEGGY CARR	6	8	8	6	8	5	4	5	5	5	
GERTRUDE CHASE	7	6	6	5	5	7	5	5	4	6	
VIRGINIA FISKE CHILDS	6	6	5	7	7	6	5	5	4	10	
MOLLY HOOPER	6	7	5	9	9	6	6	7	7	6	
DAVID GRAY, JR.	7	8	6	5	4	5	6	7	7	5	
BILL LUTIN	6	6	5	7	8	6	8	7	4	10	
NED BURKE	8	7	7	6	7	7	7	6	5	7	
BUDDY ARMSTRONG	7	8	7	5	5	6	4	4	5	3	
LUDLOW STEVENS	4	7	4	7	3	5	5	6	5	0	
CARL LEWIS	5	7	5	5	4	7	5	6	4	8	
TEDDY LAWFORD	6	7	7	8	7	7	7	7	7	6	

All clap hands —

Number two in this fascinating series of parlor games brought to you by Apéritif. Names selected on this list are submitted to a secret board of five for rating and the results averaged. Having made several embarrassing errors in addition last month we leave it to you to find your own totals.

Babblings

By THE BRAT



EDWIN M. BURKE, LEBRUN RHINELANDER

MRS. RUTH LAMAR LEHMAN—JILLSON PHOTO

- Not until the police called at the Eddie Hillman residence in Beverly Hills did Eddie discover the reason for his sudden popularity. It seems that elfish prankster, Walter Morosco, had a flashing Neon sign "Chez Hillman" rigged atop the house and turned it on every time Eddie was inside. The police called to tell Eddie that no business establishment was allowed there because of the section having been thoroughly zoned against the inroads of trade.

- Santa Barbara misses the supper club in Montecito which for some time at staggering prices furnished that exclusive hideaway for hi dee ho so necessary for a younger and more sensitive generation. Alex White's subscription dances are about the best in town but take care of only every other Saturday night. The Biltmore has been losing ground to more exclusive places and better music, with the Horse Show Ball the brightest event of its season. The Ball being backed by the Junior League brought quite the *haute monde* gathering at the Biltmore for a change. Edgecliff Friday nights are most popular with the younger-youngsters. No town spots draw the class conscious because of low prices that let anyone in. The problem seems to be for some enterprising gentlemen to find a means of keeping both the clientele and the cover charge within reason.

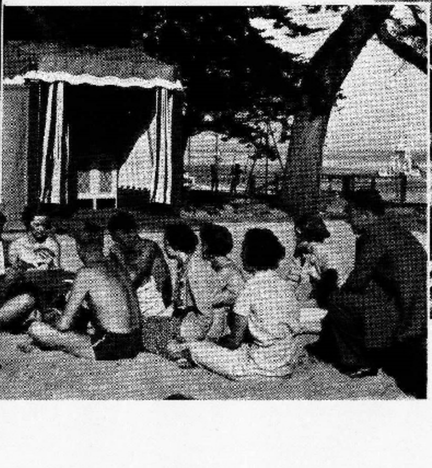
- Among the coming events which are close enough to cast quite a shadow is the some time in September offspring of the William Sherman Gills. Mrs. Gill who was Janet Snowden is very different than the madcap who puffed tabloid circulation some years ago with a runaway marriage to Prince Caravita and an annulment two days later. William Sherman Gill is a former Hollywood agent and onetime manager of Greta Garbo with a fortune of his own so no one need believe the stories of his marrying the Snowden millions which after all have been greatly overrated. It seems as though the firstborn will miss out on another title connection as Prince Rospigliosi who took Janet's sister, Marian, over the Gretna Green route is said to be resigning from the avuncular role which is to say that the Rospigliosis are supposed to be parting for keeps.

- Virginia Barlett is visiting here for the first time since her marriage to Holland Potter, a handsome youth who took his bride to New Orleans where they have made their home the past few years. In spite of the reputation for pulchritude enjoyed by Southern belles, Virginia's Dresden doll-like beauty might well give the most famous a run for their money.

- Hollywood is pictures and society is a racket and never the twain shall meet according to (*Continued on Page* 22)

TWO GUESSES

LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN GILL, PEGGY CARR, OWEN JAMESON, BILL DICKENSON, WILLIAM DAVIDSON, ALEEN WITHERS, CHARLOTTE HALL, EDWARD T. FORD.



MOB SCENE: EDGECLIFF

PHOTOS COURTESY EARL O'DAY, SANTA BARBARA ASSOCIATES

Do puppies pay

By COVERT

■ "The owner of the winning greyhound will repurchase Preferred Options at the price of four dollars and eighty cents, Secondary Options blah blah blah blah." The avaricious holders of Preferred Options groan dismally and one irate customer suggests loudly that the track officials have taken out their percentage with a scoop shovel. The voice on the amplifier makes no reply and the disgruntled winners straggle to the payoff windows. My partner grins ruefully as we join them and says, "Well, we double our dough anyway."

■ Like many other lads who had confined their activities to the ponies until the greyhounds matured, we had become quickly spoiled by the generous odds paid on the puppies and prices which would have pleased us on the horse tracks were regarded with distaste.

From the punter's standpoint, the dog tracks have many advantages over the bangtails (at least at this writing). Odds paid on the average pony will run less than two-and-a-half to one through a season's racing, while the pups return (when they win) better than five to one. This allows the well known Law of Averages so fondly regarded by the gambolier to take hold sooner and thus adds stamina to the bankroll.

■ The reason for this delightful state of affairs is that the horse tracks are crawling with form players, and the nags, as a rule, run to form. Thus the bulk of the wagers are on the gallopers that win and after the percentages and taxes are removed by the diamond studded gentry in the back room, very little is left to distribute to the sporting public.

■ Greyhounds, except for outstanding dogs, do not run to form. In fact many of them seem to spend most of their time on the track getting stuck in the starting boxes or falling on their face at the first turn, (or the last turn, when they are ahead). This makes it fun and gives the people who bet on a pup because he has an attractive name or reminds them of Rover a chance to cash in occasionally.

■ Opening our offensive against the Kennel Clubs, we spent the first week poring over form sheets and solemnly comparing speed ratings at different distances. This is sheer waste of midnight oil as an official of the track informed us one evening (while in his cups) that the speed attained by various dogs at various distances is one thing and the time confided to the public in the form sheets is another.

So we had to fall back on pretty names or mathematics. Being practical citizens, we took the pretty names. Later we added just a dash of mathematics.

■ Here is the finished product and if you cannot make large amounts of currency with it at any dog track you better try to get your job back or put some slickum on your hair and look for a wealthy widow.

First, forget professional selectors of all kinds, and amateurs too, especially owners of greyhounds and track employees. Pick dogs who have not won a race recently and who have been moved back to a cheaper bunch. Lay off the hurdle races and the features with all the star dogs in them. Stick to the ordinary run-of-the-mill contests. This will give you about eight races a night to play with.

■ Let's look at the program. The first race has a dog named Honest John who has not appeared at this track before. Sounds like a good rugged sort and is probably out to make an impression. We start with two shekels on John to win.

Here comes the rabbit! They're off! Where's John? He was turned around in the box when they opened the door. Perhaps where he comes from they run the other way.

■ Now we get into the system. What we like is when several of them lose in a row. Gives us a chance to come back strong. We open the purse and purchase a Preferred Option on a gal called Winsome Winnie.

Winnie is indisposed.

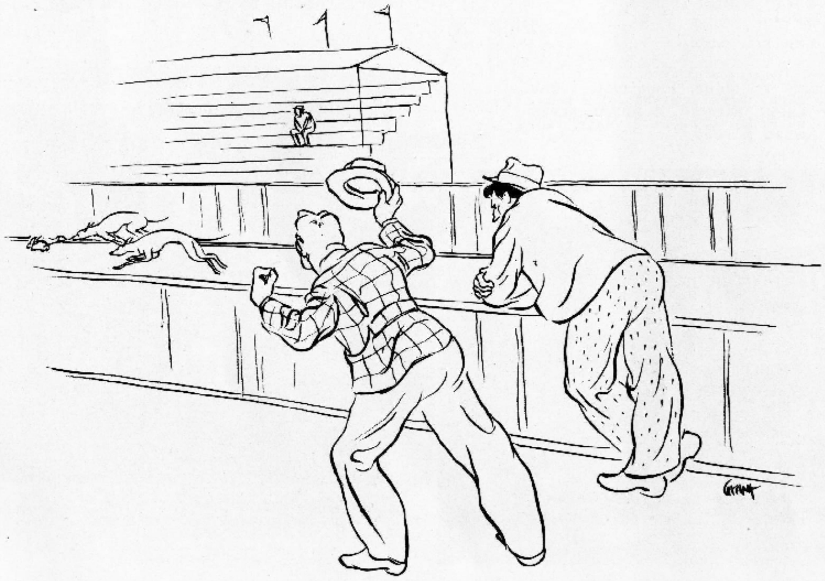
Next we go for a rangy lad who gets away on top but someone pushed him and he ran second.

■ We're getting warm.

Six dollars invested. The fourth bet is four dollars. Two tickets . . . He runs last. The fifth bet is four dollars too and that pup fails us.

Now to move in on the Law of Averages. We have lost fourteen dollars so far and only three races to go so we shut our eyes and

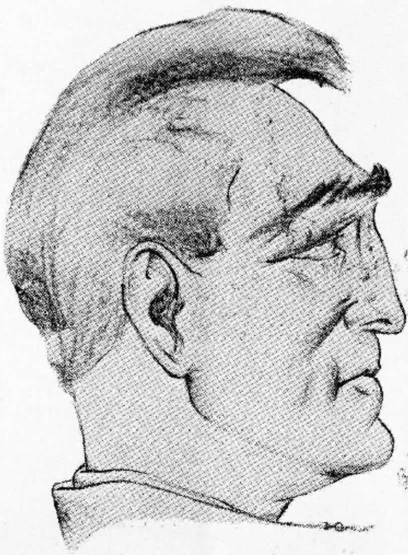
(*Continued on Page* 20)



Jake Zeitlin

AN ARTICLE BY THAYER

■ Ten years ago a young man came to Los Angeles, broke, friendless, without a single weapon in the world but the germ of an idea and a boundless enthusiasm about it. He had hiked most of the way from Texas, bumming meals here and there, getting an occasional ride from a passing motorist; he did the Mojave desert stretch entirely on foot, and landed in southern California with the proverbial one thin dime in his pocket. His career reads rather like a success story, for today Jake Zeitlin occupies a pretty important place in the community. Everybody knows him, practically everybody calls him Jake. All sorts and kinds of people drift into his book shop on Sixth Street. It is a rendezvous for writers and painters; they stand around the shop and chat, argue, smoke. Important figures of the artistic and literary world have all been in at one time or another. Jake numbers an impressive galaxy of names among his friends. The shop carries a delightful air of informality which is conducive to leisured browsing. You simply can't be in a hurry once you get inside Zeitlin's.



■ Jake himself is striking looking. He is short and quick and speaks rapidly, with volatile gestures. He has an interesting, irregular face, the kind an artist loves to caricature. His hair is very black and rather fuzzy; his eyes are keen and quizzical under very black, heavy eyebrows. His nose is crooked and prominent and he has a wide, smiling mouth. He possesses a unique personality whose charm is rather indefinable; there is a certain naiveté about him blended with what you feel to be a keen and critical understanding of people and life.

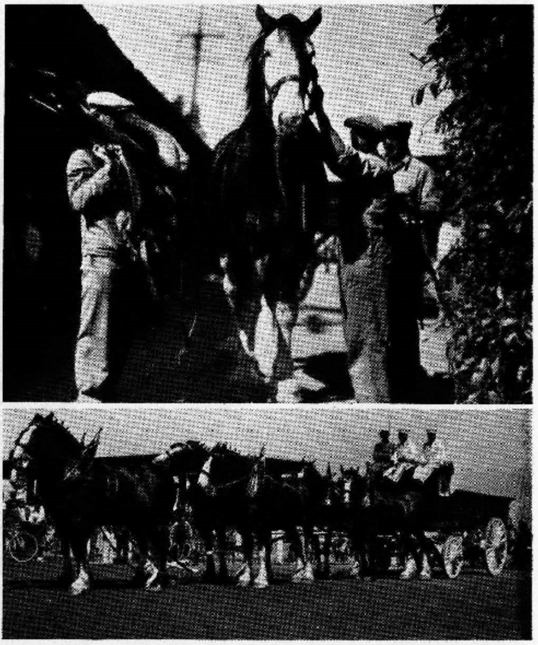
■ The success story which is his began in a humble and conventional manner upon his arrival in Los Angeles with a job in Boos Brothers' Cafeteria rustling trays. From that, Jake progressed to the position of gardener on the estate of a wealthy home owner. The wages were certainly lowly enough, but he managed to save a pittance from them, enough to allow him to strike out, with a little cash behind him, until he found a job in the book business.

■ It took an indomitable will and a deal of courage to withstand the rebuffs that met him in what proved to be an arduous quest. Jake looks back upon those early days and laughs good-humoredly.

"I went to every book dealer in town," he says. "Each of them either had the good sense not to hire me at all, or fired me after the first week for incompetency!"

(*Continued on Page 22*)

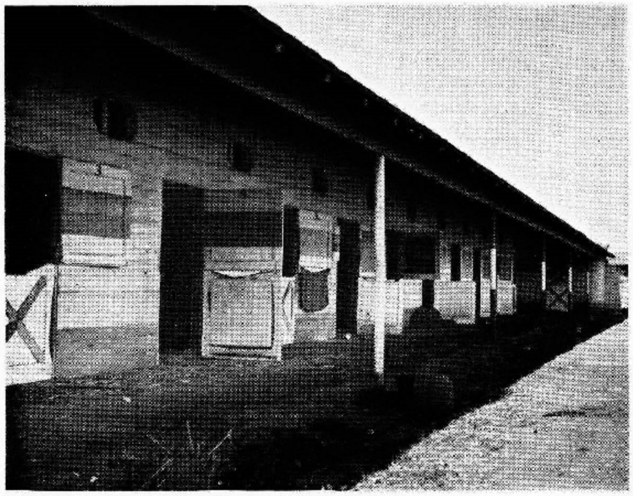
DOLLY JORDANO, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DOMINIC JORDANO, WITH PRINCE



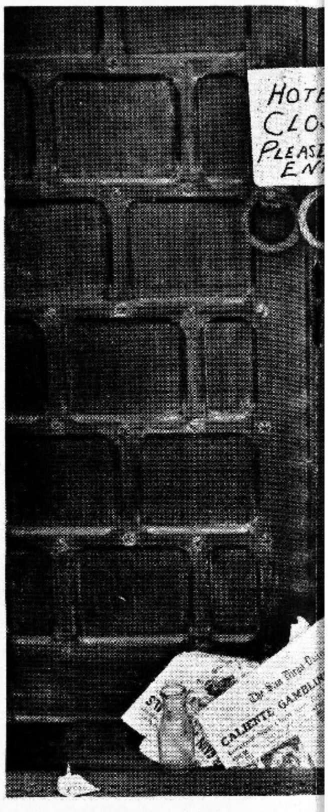
ABOVE: KING, INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION. BELOW: THE SIX HORSE HITCH, A WORLD CHAMPION TEAM BELONGING TO WILSON PACKING COMPANY

Fare th

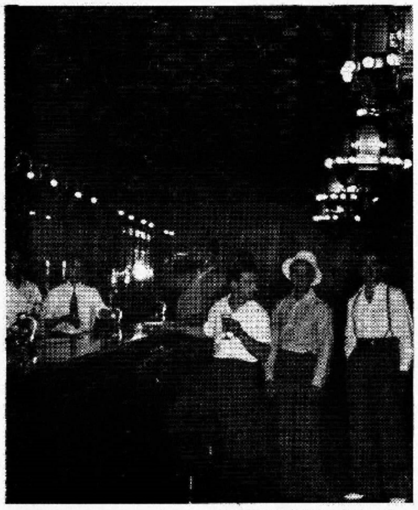
Philip Chancellor's photographic story of the closing of Agua Caliente and Tia Juana taken exclusively for Apéritif the day after the order came from President Cardenas to stop gambling.



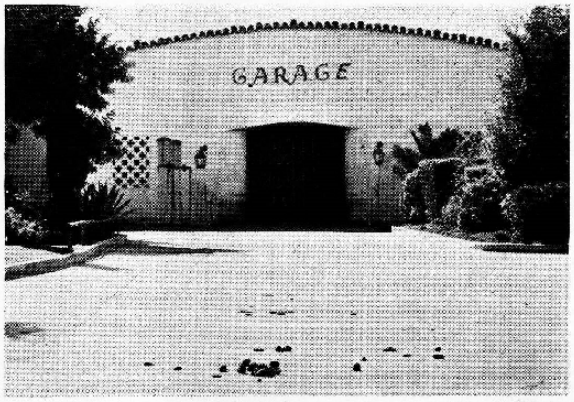
EMPTY STALLS: ADIOS TO THE PONIES



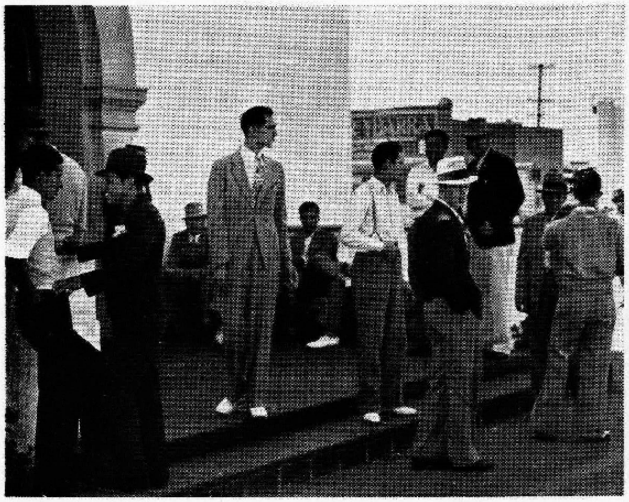
SAN DIEGO PAPERS CANNO



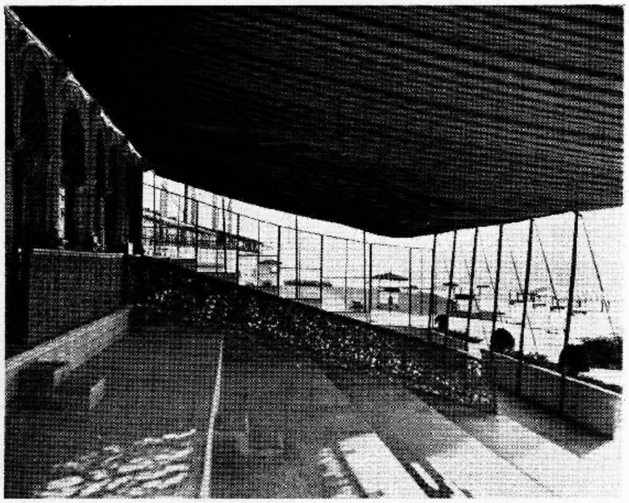
"ONE MORE DRINK, BARTENDER, THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY"



EMPTY GAS TANKS AND AN EMPTY GARAGE



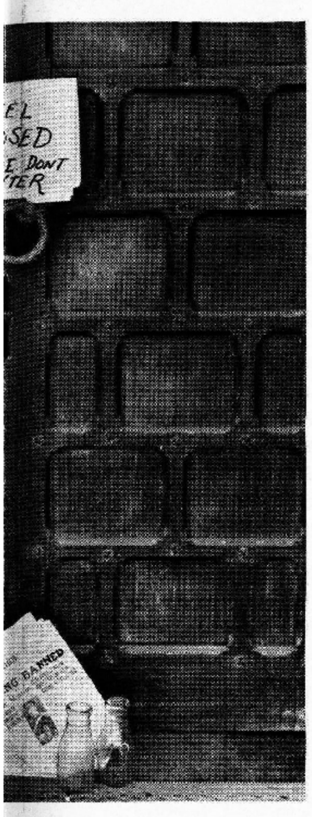
FOREIGN CLUB EMPLOYEES WANT A MONTH'S PAY



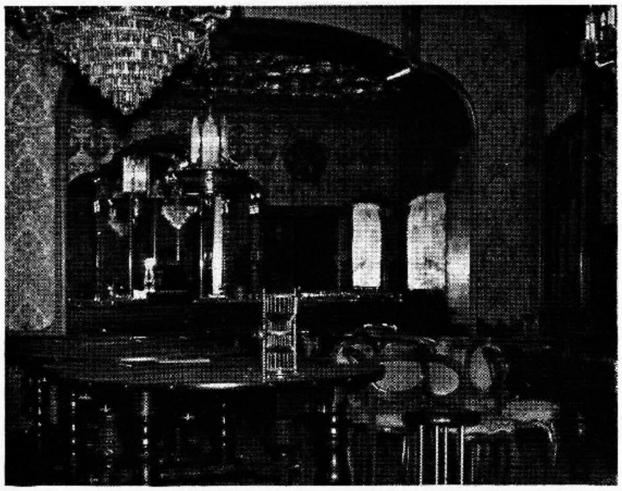
TRACK AND GRANDSTAND

ee well

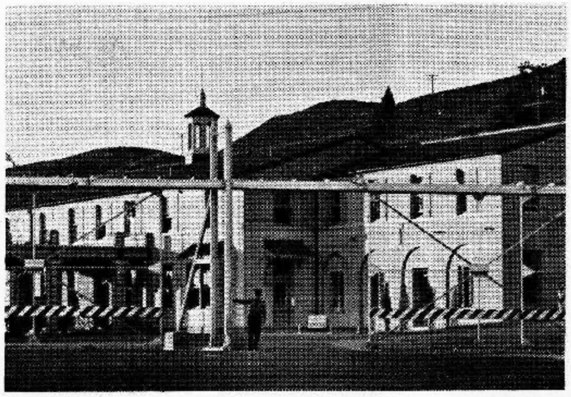
for I must leave thee—



OT CONCEAL JUBILATION

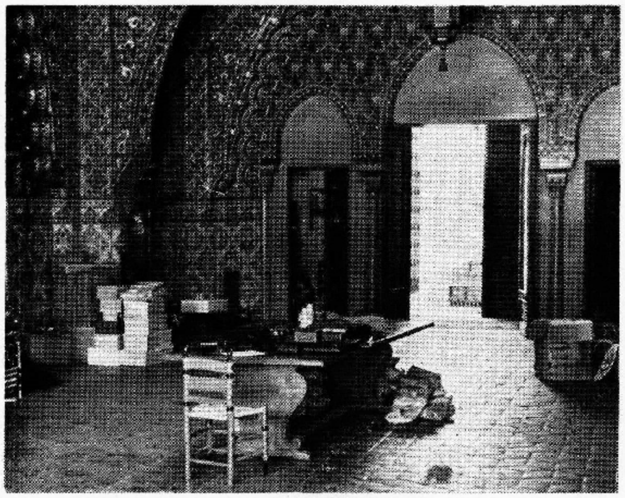


THE GOLD ROOM FOLDS UP



ALL QUIET ON THE BORDER

"SO LONG, IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU": THE MAITRE ON HIS WAY



SHOPS PACK TO LEAVE AT CALIENTE

"THEY CAN'T DO IT MATES": A SEA-LAWYER IN ACTION

New York interlude

By BARBARA (New York) BOSTON

■ Grim realization has probably come to The Editor by now that the heat has me. The plans have undoubtedly been made to fill the space usually usurped by Interlude with hot-weather delicacies and dainties. Well, two can play at that game! My dripping palate has been titillated of late by these choice dishes of Society Twaddle:

■ Tucky and Jack Astor are struggling against Family Pressure,—against entitling their new infant "John Jacob IV." The outcome is undecided and the local press is in a dither. If the name should be "Amos," after Tucky's brother, young Amos will, I prophecy, be weaned on beer.

■ The Atwater Kents are in Bar Harbor, Maine. Their little hideaway of a measly twenty-five or thirty rooms is called "Sonogee", a name selected by its late owner, Samuel E. Lyon for an alleged Japanese flavor. I am wondering if Atwater Jr. and Louise Van Alan Mdivani (local Russians insist it is pronounced "muddy-vani") will join forces. It seemed a pretty sure bet a month or so ago, but Louise is spending the summer with her rarified mama, Mrs. James Laurens Van Alen at Newport, and while the Kent scion did make a short visit to them en route to the Main resort, no announcement followed. Both are generously endowed and well publicized and it seems an ideal team-up.

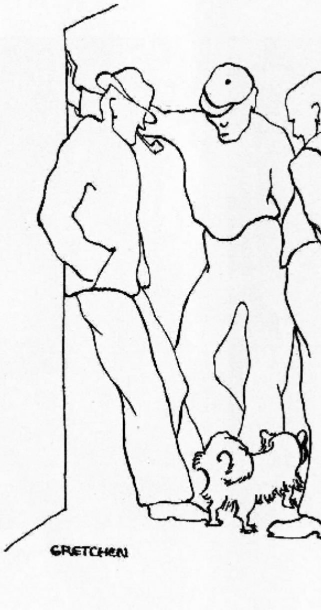
■ Admiral Richard E. Byrd, late of Anarctica, and Mrs. Byrd are at their house at Latty Cove, West Tremont, Southwest Harbor, Maine. He plans a complete rest until late fall. Then, I suppose, another dash into the frozen silences.

■ Mary Roberts Rinehart is at the Bar Harbor Club, receiving frequent visits from her children, who include one of our most promising young publishers. Clarence Mitchell, perhaps not unknown to you, came east with his charming wife a few weeks ago with an eye to summering at Greenwich, Connecticut, but they too were deflected to "Bar" and are leading a very gay life.

■ Recently I visited Margaret (Alexander) Gurney who is too too comfortably rusticating at her mother's lovely camp on Squam Lake, New Hampshire. Margie married Richard Crocker Gurney, baseball star and Rhodes scholar, three years ago and has spent the last two in Dallas, where he has been teaching school. They have acquired a very handsome boy, Peter, who bowed into the world last February. Margie has a large and warm corner of her heart for California and wishes that her copies of Apéritif would be mailed more or less frequently. (Aside to Ed: Why not oblige the gal, Emmie?)

■ Eunice Putnam, formerly wife to Jack Chadbourne and now Mrs. Alfred V. Leaman is getting a gorgeous tan at Southampton, L. I., where she entertains beautifully and is oh so popular. Nick Putnam, her brother, is in Europe as usual, to be gone till fall when he will probably get his car out of storage and head for California in a hurry. Ever the transient!

■ Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart (Helen Thomas) has taken her child and gone home to the family in Milwaukee. Her divorce will probably fill the papers, as it is a highly unusual situation. She started the ball rolling in the spring and local dowagers practically lost their cultured accents. She had hoped to accomplish the break quietly, but the reporters were bored with Huey Long and Maxie Baer and fell on it with bared fangs.



■ Marjorie (Paul's ex) Butler has departed with her mother Countess Filiponi from the Ambassador and New York. They plan to spend a quiet and not unpleasant summer far from here.

But few Broadway theatres are alight. Most of the shining stars have gone to the country to thrill the denizens. Tuxedo Park, New York, to its delight finds itself on the cowshed circuit this summer. The Robert F. Cutlers have altered their barn into a playhouse seating 275, with tearoom, art gallery and outdoor dining patio (née cow pen). Ina Claire is now doing her *Ode to Liberty* there. When I saw it last winter, I thought her performance about as milk and water as a cow crib. It has to do with the downfall of a dangerous communist through delicate viands and soft living. Nothing to see for a second time among the mosquitoes.

■ Miss Claire has a farm near Old Greenwich, Connecticut, and commutes by ferry to the theatre. She spends stormy nights, and nights when the ferry is missed at the senior David Wagstaffs'. Not so long ago an actress would have been as acceptable in the sacred Park as a one-piece bathing suit.

■ Kay Hepburn went all the way to Larry Anhalt's Old Saybrook (Conn.) Town Hall, not to emote, but to see the superlative Irene Rich in *As Husbands Go*, and immediately afterward emoted all the way back to Hollywood. I don't mind how many times I see Irene in a vehicle, and beside, the play was fine.

■ The patroness list of the Hampton Players at Quogue, Long Island, is headed by Mrs. Robert H. Wylie, mother of Lucilla Wylie Potter, now in Hollywood with her producer husband Henry Codman Potter. It was his similarly named grandfather, the Bishop, who scornfully labelled "The Little Church Around the Corner" because they'd actually perform the sacred rites of matrimony for stage-persons there! Well, as they say, *sic transit gloria mundi* (Here today, gone Monday, you muggs).

- There are two wide-eyed young aspirants for film honors headed westward ho. Mrs. Chauncey Olcott is foregoing her usual pilgrimage to Saratoga to flagellate the interest of local film magnates in the direction of her adopted daughter Janet. While it's been tried before, it may succeed in this case. There are people still alive who watched the great Chauncey when he was with Hooley's minstrels in California in the early eighties. It was there he wed the beauteous Margaret O'Donovan, of San Francisco, who is now so ambitiously returning to those climes. The other knocker on the door is the tragic "Caresse," Mrs. Henry Grew Crosby, who seeks to enter her very lovely and serious daughter Polly Peabody in the lists.

- Ilka Chase, the Park Avenue Comedienne who made good in the same role on Broadway, became Mrs. William B. Murray in Greenwich recently. Simplicity was the intended keystone but the ceremony began and ended in luxury. Ilka, noted for originality developed something new in wedding fla-fla. Bride, bridegoom, and thirty-odd guests set out for the Justice of the Peace from Oyster Bay, across Long Island Sound, in a yacht and returned the same way, with champagne instead of grog aboard the ship. The bride's mother is the owner of "Four Winds" at Oyster Bay. As the editor of a well-known fashion mag, she is one of the few society women to have a Career that's lucrative as well as distinguished. She operates under the name of Edna Woolman Chase. Ilka ornamented gay roles in *Animal Kingdom, Revenge with Music* and many other productions. As a bride, she wore white organza with a bouffant skirt and a large green hat, surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby, Mrs. Harry Horton Benkard, Editor Frank Crowninshield, Count and Countess de Forceville, Mr. and Mrs. Carol Alker, Hobe Erwin, the Bernard Gimbels, Mrs. Burgess Gwinee (recently back from a visit to her sister in China), Sam Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Messmore Kendall, Condé Nast, Brock "Personal Appearance" Pemberton, Harford "Virgin Queen" Powel, His Excellency and Mrs. Joseph Sheffield, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stehli, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Warburg and Deems Taylor. An humble gathering, what?

- Lois Clarke de Ruyter Spreckels Clinton and her new husband Frank Clinton are said in these parts to have settled down to housekeeping in Beverly Hills. Father-in-law Lewis Latham Clarke, the banker, reports hearty approval. Father-in-law Edward Stotesbury, the banker, is now also heartily approving of son-in-law Lionel Atwill of whom you may have heard remotely in California. Mrs. Atwill's son, Walter B. Brooks, 3rd, in the horseless carriage trade in that state, is shortly to marry a Texas gal, Jacqueline Wells.

Laughing at the idea of divorce is Mrs. Cyril McNear, the former Elena Folger, who has a smart gown shop here. Cyril (Cy to his friends) is with his mother Mrs. John McNear at Monte Rio in your Sonoma County. His name had been linked to that of Lorayne Holmes, tall blonde model from Texas, but Elena McNear, when questioned, stated, "There is absolutely no truth to these reports—we have no intention . . . etc., etc., etc."

- By the time these lines are immortalized in print Peter Arno and Mary "Timmy" Lansing will be Mr. and Mrs.

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Peters. She's going to inspire him to do a new book. So ho! for another Duesenberg?

There does seem to be so much marrying and giving in marriage or giving up marriage!

- Charles G. Norris has been in high esteem and as one with Abercrombie and Fitch (one of Manhattan's leading sporting emporiums). Before leaving for a recent trip he purchased several items there and then wandered for six months in Europe.

- Norris, a Californian, usually puts up in New York at the Hotel Chatham. When he arrived there after his continental odyssey he attacked the large stack of mail accumulated in his absence. The first envelope contained an itemized bill from Abercrombie's; the second an "account rendered". Then the communications became successively more personal, "escaped your attention," "remittance would be appreciated," "legal steps . . . " So for half a dozen letters. By this time the writer was seething with rage. After all, for five and twenty years he'd not only been a steady customer, but had always paid his bills promptly. For all his prominence, they hadn't bothered to note his widely publicized sailing for Europe. How dared they think he'd overlook his bill if he were on this side of the ocean! Outrageous! Intolerable! He would tell them in no uncertain terms exactly what he thought of them!

- The Chatham is quite near Abercrombies's, so before his rage had a chance to cool, he dashed into the street. (Our hero at this point was in one of those breathless rages: froth billowed from his

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twitching lower lip.) With his head thrown back like a bronco's and a wild look in his eye he strode into the store and demanded to see the manager.

■ This was accomplished after the customary delay, and the manager sat with a look half grim, half world-weary on his face and listened to the outburst: "For twenty-five years I've done business with your store, purchased innumerable things, etcetera and so on, and now you have the temerity not only to dun me, but to threaten and heckle me with your bills! I demand a thorough investigation!"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," said the manager; "I shall act at once."

The manager of credits was summoned and instructed to bring in the author's file forthwith. After some delay, in which Mr. Norris grumbled and hurled abuse, the credit man reappeared and explained that he'd gone over the accounts very carefully and couldn't find any records; not only that, but the gentleman apparently didn't even have an account.

"This is the end," the martyred author yelled. "I shall not buy another fishhook in this store!"

The manager, thoroughly alarmed, mopped his brow with a neatly monogrammed handkerchief. "I can't understand it, sir," he said, "I'm sure it's an oversight. We are always most particular, and nothing of this sort has ever happened before in the entire history of Brooks Brothers!"

By the time Mr. Norris had walked a block north to Abercrombie and Fitch, he grovelled when he paid the bill.

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A few pounds of flesh

(Continued from page 5)

and subject to having such personal income as you may have, sliced according to law and rendered unto the legislative gods for redistribution.

■ Now assuming that you do spend more than six months in California. To maintain the living to which you are accustomed, an ancestor with foresight invested in the right thing and in consequence you are the recipient of a monthly check with which you offset a natural deficit. Whether the check comes from within or without the states does not matter. What does matter is that you have it and you are a legal and very taxable resident. The question, of course, is how much do you pay. And that will be interesting, I'll bet.

■ Well, you start paying if your income hits a yearly mark of one thousand dollars if you are single and twenty-five hundred if you are married. Naturally you do not pay the same rate no matter what your income. The theory of income tax being that the greater the income, the easier for the recipient to pay the tax. Therefore, the greater the income, the higher the rate. The rates in our tax are at present from one per cent on one thousand dollars per year income to fifteen per cent on two hundred and fifty thousand and over per year income. The rate changes about every five thousand dollars until we reach the higher brackets.

■ Now just for fun let us assume that you enjoy the social life of Montecito, Pebble Beach, Pasadena or Coronado or for that matter, California. We will also assume that you and your husband or wife enjoy a total income of fifty thousand dollars per year. Perhaps that is high, but its easy to figure. Looking at the tax rate table we find that the rate is eight per cent. That is after claiming the credit of twenty-five hundred for married persons is less than fifty thousand and the rate then is the rate imposed on incomes from forty-five to fifty thousand. The total tax would figure about two thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, and that sum must be paid each year that the income is earned. I should mention that a credit of four hundred dollars is allowed for each child or dependent if such person is under eighteen or incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective.

■ Let me reiterate that this article is intentionally brief and very simple, chiefly to give you the idea of

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the thing and make you aware of the fact that you won't have so much pin money next year. Since a great deal of All-Year Club advertising and other forms of publicity backed by business men of the state has been aimed at and has drawn persons whose retirement is based on incomes derived from trusts and estates, it is worth noting that the legislature has been very hard on this type of income. It seems to me that the Act is so explicit and so grasping that some of this section will be held unconstitutional. For instance, the Act states that the taxable income shall be that derived from all kinds of property wherever situated, so long as either the Settlor (Rich Uncle), beneficiary (You), or Trustee (Bank) is a resident of California. In other words if any one of the three are residents, then the estate or trust must pay the tax and of course that will cut down your allowance.

■ Here's another choice bit: the Act imposes a tax on spendthrift trusts or trusts in which the amount that the beneficiary receives is within the discretion of the trustee. To the layman this will look like paying a tax on income which he never receives. However, there it is in black and white.

■ Now still assuming as above that you are a resident and are subject to the tax, is there any way that you can enjoy the same income and pay less tax. The popular way for years under the Federal Income Tax set-up has been to invest in State, City and County municipal bonds, because the income from these obligations is not taxable by the Federal government. In like manner, Liberty Bonds are not taxed by the states. However, although the states cannot tax government bonds there is nothing to prevent them from taxing the bonds of sister states. Therefore, it is pretty obvious that if your entire income was derived from the State of New York bonds, you would pay an income tax in California while you might pay no Federal Tax whatsoever. The only out would seem to be to derive your income solely from Government bonds or bonds of the State of California or of any of its cities or counties which are tax exempt. The advisability of putting all of one's money within such limits must be decided by the person himself or by his broker or banker.

■ It is clear to you by now, I hope, that the legislature must have been serious when the Income Tax Act was passed. Evasion is rather difficult. The penalty for false returns or failure to return is pretty stiff. A fine of one thousand dollars and one year in jail might well be the result for failure to pay the tax or failure to make a return or to make a false return.

■ Another thing that I know will be of interest to you, who are by now cursing politicians and all their works, is the interesting fact that the Income Tax Act has a retroactive effect. That is to say, even though the act was not passed until June, the tax for the first year will be imposed on incomes received from the previous January. First returns must be made by April 15, 1936, at which time the entire tax will be payable unless the taxpayer should choose to pay in installments which is provided for in the Act.

■ I am about finished and you can go on and read Hors d'oeuvres or the New York column or anything you please. I will bet that you aren't laughing, however. Seriously, what is the best thing to do. I have been asked by people to advise them whether to stay in California or not, as a result of the above Tax Act. Whatever you do is your own problem. The best way to look at it is to ask yourself, "is the privilege of living here worth the money that I will pay the state by way of income tax?" If you get your money's

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worth by way of fun, health, or business, then, of course, you won't move. Neither will you move if you have family and friends who are settled here and have no intention of going away. On the other hand, if you spend a great deal of time in travel and do not spend more than six months in California, then you could establish residence in Nevada or Arizona, or some other state that has no such tax and thereby save yourself quite some money. Remember, if you do that, however, that there is no assurance that the state into which you move will not impose an income tax itself and that tax might just be a bit harder to face than the California tax. So I repeat, what you do is primarily your own problem and differs in every case. I would suggest interviewing your banker and lawyer now and getting their advice, especially if your liability in the tax matter is a heavy one. One thing not to do is to try to evade the tax in some smart way that somebody suggests, such as having secret telephone numbers or hiding in Agua Caliente next April 15th. Such things can only end in grief, a heavy fine and perhaps prison bars. We have the damn thing and we must make the best of it. Whether we will always have it is another question, although I must say I have never seen any politician that found a good source of spending money want to give it up. I am afraid it is a permanent burden and a year or so vacation from California won't help a bit.

Do puppies pay

(Continued from page 10)

point at greyhound number seven on the program, and place six dollars on his nose. He romps home and pays sixteen dollars and twenty cents on each two dollar Option. And we have three of them. Not bad.

■ If he misses we go eight dollars on the next one and then ten and then twelve on the next two and so on. Here is the chart in compact form in case good old number seven stubs his toe.

1st, 2nd and 3rd bets	$2
(or $200 if you are in a hurry.)	
4th, 5th and 6th	$4
7th and 8th	$6
9th and 10th	$8
11th	$10
12th and 13th	$12

■ Hit yet? Well, you're only out eighty bucks and you've had thirteen chances at the Law of Averages. Go on from here yourself.

Do puppies pay?
You'll find out.

MONEY TO LOAN
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Never go back

(Continued from page 7)

romantic triangle for one of lesser interest, for one lacking glamour.

■ She said, as he brought the car around and she climbed in front, "One day in East Courtney was enough."

Mr. Glidden agreed. They drove along silently for awhile and presently Mr. Glidden slowed the car to almost a standstill as he fumbled in his pockets. It was getting so lately he couldn't see very well without his glasses.

Mrs. Glidden shook her head thoughtfully.

"You know, it's funny about some people. The way they change, I mean?"

■ Mr. Glidden said that she was right. He kept both hands fixed on the wheel and both eyes fixed upon the road. He was making good speed now, but he remarked that he wanted to get in some mileage before dark. Besides, the traffic was a problem in itself these days. He used to be able to drive indefinitely without tiring, but on a recent trip he hadn't dared to do more than two or three hours at a stretch. Wore him out.

Mrs. Glidden reached into his overcoat pocket and took out a slim box of sodamints.

"Ate too much at luncheon," she explained. "Just a touch of indigestion."

Mr. Glidden laughed.

"You better cut down on your diet," he warned. "A little reducing wouldn't hurt you, young lady."

■ He turned, still laughing, and she joined him with a smile. Then their eyes met, his while he peered quizzically over his glasses, and hers while her wide, round, amiable face looked up from beside him. Briefly they stared at each other, and it was as though they were being introduced, as though they hadn't seen each other for some time. Like a flash this feeling struck them both, settled in their minds, tried frantically to retreat. Then, just as quickly, each turned away.

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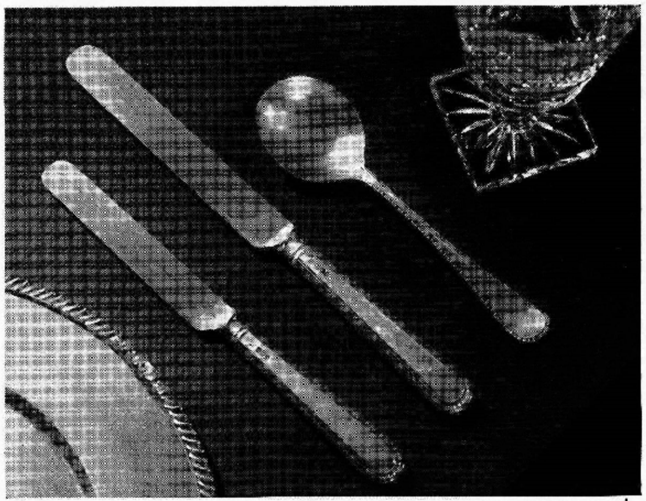

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Babblings

(Continued from page 9)

the strictest standards. Nevertheless, Bobby Chatfield-Taylor and Ruth Chatterton are being very serious and appearing most places together. It all started with a telegram of Bobby's saying:

I BELIEVE THAT A YOUNG MAN AND YOUNG WOMAN COULD BENEFIT MUTUALLY THROUGH A DINNER AT THE TROCADERO IN THE INTEREST OF AVIATION.

To which Chatterton wired back: UNDOUBTEDLY. BUT NOT AT THE TROCADERO. WHY NOT MY HOME AT EIGHT FRIDAY IN THE INTEREST OF AVIATION.

* * *

■ Philip Chancellor and his wife Elsa are still at their Hollywood home, where Phil is interested in color photography and such things. If it had not been for the poor sportsmanship on part of Phil's Santa Barbara past we should probably still have them with us. This is real cause for regret as Elsa adds more to any gathering than the other girl who is, after all, still unmarried, if that means anything.

Jake Zeitlin

(Continued from page 11)

■ Astonishingly enough, Jake did sometimes talk himself into a brief job. One Saturday night the usual happened—a well known book dealer fired him, and he went off, a single fifty cent piece jingling lonesomely in his pocket. He thought of the three weeks old Zeitlin heir and his wife still in bed at home, and did not feel very cheery. And that night the house burned down!

■ But fickle fortune decided to smile the very next week, for Jake found himself a job in the book section of one of the large downtown department stores. Miraculously, he stayed there a year. At the end of that time, not a trace of a stammer remained in his speech, but he landed in the hospital with a nervous break-down. He came out of the hospital with the idea of the book shop he soon intended to own more firmly fixed in his mind than ever, and his next step was a definite one toward it. He went into business for himself this time—a door-to-door book trade that was astonishingly profitable.

■ And then his own shop, the goal toward which everything else had led. A little one at first, and with the rise of business, that utterly charming place he now has on West Sixth Street where, above the door, hangs the neat black and white sign, "Jake Zeitlin, Rare Books." The shop was designed by the architect, Lloyd Wright. It is expressive of California in its look of informal hospitality; it is done in light wood and has a balcony running around the entire front room. The second room is an art gallery; here are exhibited some of the most beautiful and important works of California artists. Paul Landacre's woodcuts sometimes hang there, or Tom Craig's watercolors. As Jake says, if his place has not been exactly a front door to fame, it has certainly served as a very good back one.

"If success lies in playing the part one likes best," he ruminates, "then I have had a full measure of that success."

be perspicacious . . . . . use

ICE

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Answers to pages 3, 4 and 5

1. Juan Jose Reynal: Ranch owner.
2. Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens: None.
4. Jeanne Hughson de Reynal: Blank.
5. Smay, Phillip, @ Lucas A. Martinez, @ Phillip Worona. Described as: 5/9½, 150, 23 yrs. Brown hair and eyes, thumb and first 2 fingers amp. right hand. Wanted by Santa Barbara SO for Grand Theft.
   FPC: 1 U 00 00 15
   1 U 00 00 12
   SB PD No. 2703—IN—2.
6. John Sebastian: Artist.
7. Alexandra Tonetti White: Blank.
3. Case No. 40046—Ferguson, Steve @ Rolla L. Ferguson, Lee Furgeson, Ferguson.
   FPC: 1 U 5 SB PD No. 1960
   1 Rat 3 SQ No. 50269
   Wanted on P. T. Warrant. Also wanted by SB SO and LA PD. Driving Chev. Cpe. 1926 Model, Lic. 6M4871. Age 30, 5/10, blue eyes, brown hair. Occupation radio repairman. Sells radio he is given to repair.
9. Ludlow Stevens: Advertising.
10. Charles Pressley: Manager SB Fiesta.
11. Anne Catherine Stevens: Blank.
12. Baron Maximilian von Romberg: Sportsman.
13. Walter Morosco: Producer.
14. Case No. 38404—Adkins, Benny @ Joseph Adkins, @ Benny Patrick. Age 23, 5/6, 135, brn. hair, gry. eyes. This man may be in company with Mary Guadagnin, Italian, Age 17, 5/5, 123, Brn hair & eyes, brown mole on lip. This man wanted on warrant charging contrib. to Del. of Minor.
    FPC: 1 A 8
    1 A 12
    Count: 7 R. Mid, 13 R Ring
    2 L. Mid. 14 L. Ring
15. Jeanne Gilbert Rackerby: Blank.

The backward bud that never blooms may hold,
Within its stillborn folds, a color told
In teasing whispers by the maiden Muse
To men who try, but never paint such hues.

The rose that dies in bud has never known
The ectasy of rain-washed petals blown
By fondling winds, yet it has never lost
A full-blown life of beauty, in the frost.

—Ralph Priest.

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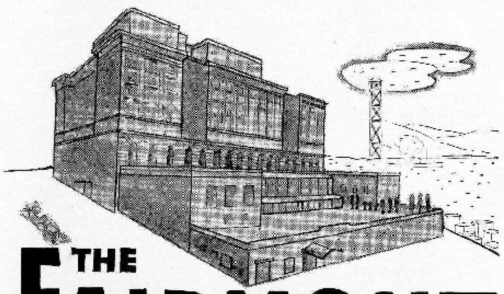

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BOOKS

Stained Angels—By Felton Elkins, John Lane, The Bodley House

■ Here is a collection of short stories of the sophisticated type. They range in background from Rome to the Pacific Ocean with jaunts into Mexico, Panama, Hollywood and Monte Carlo. Their chief preoccupation is with women and the author seems to understand the female of the species uncommonly well. It is the woman of the upper social strata, the woman who can afford to play, to indulge in flirtations and liaisons while her husband is making another million, whom Mr. Elkins delineates with shrewdness and sly humor.

There are sixteen tales, all of them done in the same manner—lightly and with candor. Mr. Elkin's women are fair, blasé, most of them a little world-weary. If these women have a purpose it is to seek new sensation—and in doing so they typify that restless, occupationless, searching type of feminity that has become so prevalent since the war. The heroine of "Miss Cinder's Mister X", for instance, who puts an advertisement in the London Times "to meet a gentleman in an embarrassing position" from which her experience can extricate him. When the man in question turns out to be the husband of one of her friends—one whom she has always admired and who has stood to her through the years as a sort of ideal, the situation is a trifle upsetting to both of them.

■ To his protestations and incredulity at finding her a correspondent, willing to figure in a divorce case, the young lady answers petulantly, "I *may* go in for this sort of thing, may make a practise of it. There's not much I wouldn't do nowadays for a pinch of excitement. Life's very exhausting, you know, and one has to invent ways of excitement. This particular brand seemed rather a brainwave at the time. . . . "

Many of the stories have surprise endings that are filled with irony. This author has few illusions either about women or life. The book is distinctly a product of our time—hard, brittle, cynical. A sense of moral values is entirely lacking. Probably for the very good reason that Mr. Elkins' men and women have none.—THAYER.

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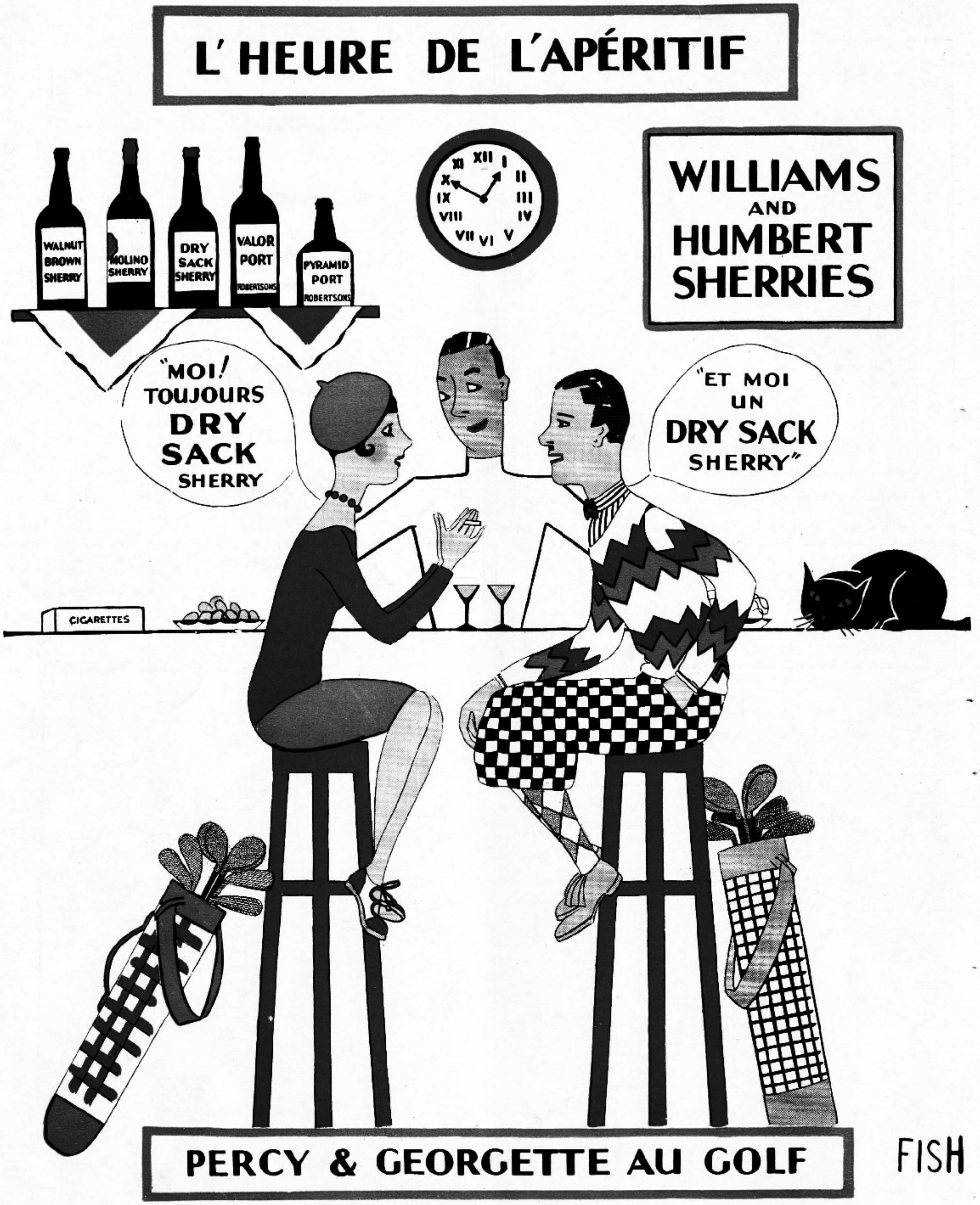
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